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HOT Pies

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OFFICIAL CFC FANZINE

ANTHONY ROCCA
AN ITALIAN MASTERPIECE





the new fragrance
from
Clinton King

Hot Pies

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Collingwood North 3066

Editors Johnny Taranto & Ben McAuliffe

Contributors

Paul O'Farrell, Emma Duke, Jason Cilia,
Jeff Corfe, Greg Baum, Damien Burgess,
Hotrod, Klaus Konduit Krotty, Fred Negro,
Yvette, Mick O'Kane, Michelangelo,

Nathan Bungey, Stinger

Front page digital art

Steve Dshevski

Photographer

Virginia Cummins

Gameday sellers

Johnny, Ben, Emma, Sally, Bid,
Steve, Ness, Yvette

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Disclaimer

Hot Pies will not be burdened by truth or fact in the compilation of any article. If you think anything we say to be factual you are mistaken. We do not set out to offend, but we understand that the free expression of opinion can infringe upon the sensitive egos of pampered primadonnas. If you choose to read this please don't believe it, loosen up and laugh. God knows with the season we face, if we don't laugh we're gonna cry. Oh yeah, some material may offend.

Front Cover

Michelangelo's Statue of David with Anthony's head on it



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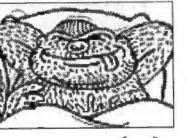
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unknown sauces ...

THE LOCKETT LOCKET

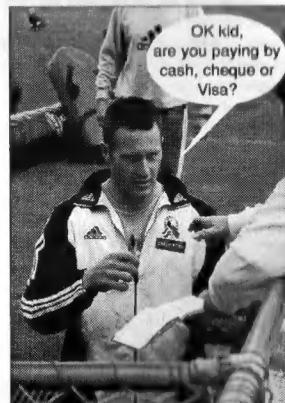
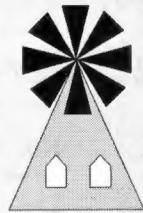
Wispers abound at League headquarters with speculation that the award for the highest goalscorer, the Coleman Medal, is about to undergo a name change. In honour of record goal scorer Tony Lockett, the Coleman Medal is to be renamed The Lockett Locket. Criticisms over the femininity of a broach-style locket have been responded to strongly. Says one unnamed League official: "If he had played for Collingwood we would have called it the Tony Trophy but since he achieved his record playing for woosie teams we created an award which reflects his softer side."

DONUT KING CAREY

Despite being exposed as a male pattern baldness swooper by an over-zealous barber recently, Wayne Carey has stitched up an advertising deal with donut retailer, Donut King. The whingeing Kangaroo will have the word "Donut" added to the beginning of his name and be called Donut King Carey. Says manager Ricky Nixon: "He's got a shocking head and now that we can't hide his baldness anymore we just had to accept any advertising deal we could get." It is expected that within two years Carey's hairline shall form the perfect donut shape.

THE RUMOUR MILL

Those of you who have been waiting for the AFL's first gay footballer to come out of the closet, put your seatbelts on. Hot Pies went under the covers to discover that an entire Melbourne-based AFL team is completely gay. Women and undersized adults have been used as a part of this bizarre cover-up posing as wives and small children of footballers. The AFL has chosen to go pubic on the issue as they see the gay audience as a potential new market. On hearing the news, Hot Pies rushed down to Sportsbet to find that Essendon and the Western Bulldogs had already shortened to firm odds-on equal favourites.



RECENT RELEASES

An unnamed Collingwood player is the star of a new highlight video which has just hit the streets. Keen Pie fans should be able to find it in the Debra Byrne and Mimi Macpherson sections of their local video library. This twelve and a half minute production is a cracker which shows all the ups and downs and ins and outs of being a footballer in the 90s. Look out for the hard ball get ten minutes into the second half – it's a beauty.

RULE CHANGES WE'D LIKE TO SEE #1

Inspired by Mike Sheahan's attention-grabbing efforts to leave a mark (actually make that a dirty stain) on the game, Hot Pies present . . . Instant De-Listings

Soccer has its red card so we reckon the AFL should allow Clubs to trim their list mid-game. It would add to the drama of dragging players and provide the coach with a terrific way to vent their anger. Go on . . . admit it. How much better would you have felt if Shawry could have delisted Wild at the SCG the other week? After he "fell over" running into an open goal. Surely it was the last straw. Imagine the satisfaction if the runner came out and demanded jovial Jase to remove the hallowed black & white jumper, drop to his knees and repeat the famous words of Wayne & Garth declaring: "I'm not worthy, I'm not worthy!"

ALL ABOARD THE HOT PIES BANDWAGON

The Hot Pies bandwagon is quickly filling up. And while young Eddie borrows our dietician and puzzle page jokes for his little TV show, *The Age* are also lending our lines (see pic right). Our Bucks interview was also taken verbatim and dropped into "Pssst" the other Sunday and this nice little mention was used as a curious endpiece to the Freo match report: "Within 10 minutes of the final siren yesterday, the MCG was all but empty. This was, neither emotionally or climatically, a day to linger and savor. Outside, a billboard read: "Hot Pies". Curiously, it was NOT advertising foodstuffs (as such, it would have breached the honesty in advertising regulations anyway) It was for a new Collingwood fanzine. It was sold out." The good news is there is plenty more Hot Pies to come.

If you hear any good footy rumours please send them in to Hot Pies and we'll help spread 'em.

DOCKLANDS SCHMOCKLANDS PART III

The Docklands membership sweeteners just keep on coming. As another five thousand people with a lot money (and little else) will get to see the Grand Final instead of me. This should be a major concern for all Pie supporters as this policy will take effect next year. The year destined to provide us with our 15th Flag. I wouldn't like to be the ticket girl at Lulie Street who tells me there aren't any tickets left after I've been sleeping outside the ground for three months. The thought of five thousand sushi-eating hatchback-driving, apartment-living, homeware-buyinguppies and their chunky arsed girlfriends seeing Collingwood win next year's Flag instead of me is perverse. Docklands memberships are destined to become yet another wanky outer-directed status symbol carried by people who cheapen everything they touch. The prohibitive and restrictive realities of Docklands are about to slap real footy fans in the face. That's why I'm thankful for Kevin Rose's decision to stay away from the whole Docklands concept. His decision was based upon what was best for us. A part of being a footy fan is going to the footy. Docklands will prove that to be a privilege and not a right. The future is scary.

Eddietorial

Welcome to the June edition of Hot Pies. We also take this opportunity to welcome the word "Win" to the Collingwood June vocabulary. It's good to have you back.

If you're reading Hot Pies purely for the laughs, you may as well flick to pages 16, 27 and 53 right now, because in case you've been hiding under a rock or stuck in the Punt Road sauna for two weeks you would be aware that there is going to be a change of coach at Vicky Park next year.

I'm sorry, but when you're talking about a club like Collingwood and a man like Tony Shaw there is much football to be talked about. The footy talketh starteth hereth.

As a player Tony Shaw will forever be one of my favourites. Tony was the cheeky gutsy talented rover type to a T. Anybody who didn't respect his on-field courage doesn't know the game.

His leadership, competitiveness and success was a source of great Magpie pride over a prolonged period. Tony's intangible qualities are reserved for men of greatness. Combine them with a superb football brain and you can understand our warm inner glow when Tony took over from Lethal.

The vision of hindsight is 20/20. When you look at the hurdles Shawry faced during his tenure, our win-loss ratio should be of no surprise. Bear these challenges in mind.

• working with a team structure that was little more than a patchwork of unfulfilled

talent, inconsistencies and past reputations.

- giving the flick to washed-up ex-teammates, friends and 1990 icons.
- being back-stabbed by Trent Hotton

Twenty-odd wins and fifty-something losses is a cruel yet unavoidable statistic. Whilst the word failure is dabbed at like Savlon on a haemhorroid, I see things differently.

Throughout a frustrating and a difficult period a revolution has occurred.

Shawry's strength and integrity has led our team through the deepest of valleys and as his service comes to an end all his dedication, persistence, thought and devotion is beginning to bear fruit.

Our boys are cherry ripe to become the next big thing in football. Tony's legacy is to leave a team with a well-defined leadership structure bursting at the seams with exciting, enthusiastic and talented youngsters.

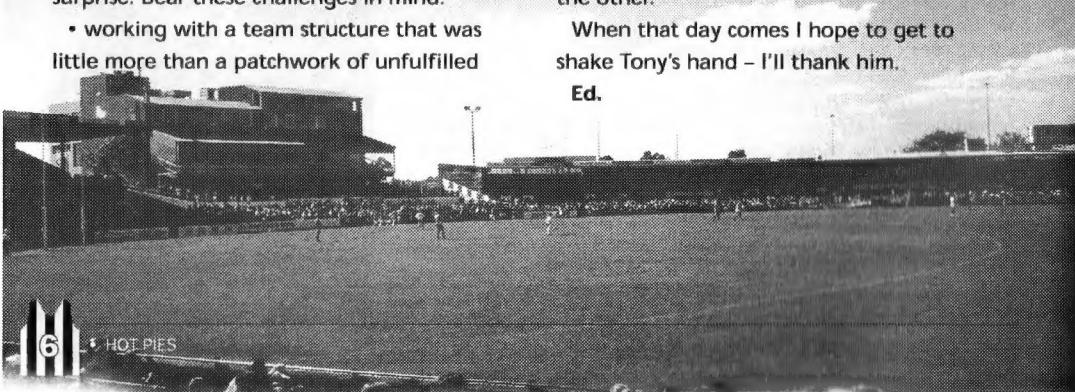
They give everything they've got and have come through adversity proud, tough and unified. There is now sound purpose and direction where once there was none.

As a coach you can only have two goals. One is to mould and shape a great team. The other is to achieve greatness.

By the time Tony clears his locker he will have achieved his first objective. It's a sad reality that somebody else will lead them to the other.

When that day comes I hope to get to shake Tony's hand – I'll thank him.

Ed.



Letters

Guys,

Just read issues 1 and 2 on the train on the way home from the Footscray game (which we shoulda won had pebbles kicked straight but that's another story) The Freo game was my first game back for a few weeks as I've just become a dad for the second time, as it was raining I drove to the ground and unfortunately had to drive past your faithful sellers standing in the rain as I entered the carpark so I thought I had missed issue 1, but to my surprise I was able to get both issues at Minotaur on my way to the Imperial for my pre match drink tonite. They made my train trip home bearable. Congrats on a great start, I reckon things can only get better from here. By the way I reckon the tats have to belong to Kevin Grose. If your looking for more tats – If my memory serves me correct David Twomey had a pretty good back job and Banksy's calves were pretty well full also.

Good luck,

Damien

XX?

PS: Hot Pies is crying out for a recipe column – unlimited opportunity there!

Hot Pies

It seems that the traditions in football have gone out the window these days, with footballers no longer going out on the piss after a Thursday night's training. I say this, as I witnessed 'The Prez' Clinton

King and Ben 'Col' Kinnear playing the pinnies at Knox Timezone the Thursday prior to the magnificent Round 8 win. What's happened to trying to pickup some horny football groupies at Melbourne's pubs and clubs, like The Burvale or The Depot?

Traditionalist

Glen waverley

Dear Hot Pies,
Yet another farce took place in Adelaide the other week. The blatant disregard for the skill and excellence of future Copeland trophy winner, captain/coach and President, Rupert Betheras was abundant.

Michael Schumacher

PS any chance of a Ron McKeown centrefold??

Dear Hot Pies
Re: Player End of Season Trip Fundraisers
A more ridiculous concept getting greedier with each round of collective bargaining. Why don't the players create a bit more street cred and have a fundraiser for a good cause – hell why not raise money for the betterment of the Club. With the base player payment now about \$50K and the average over \$100K it's nothing short of a frickin insult that players

expect supporters to dip into their pocket for a two week piss up in Bali. What next, the Good Friday Player Welfare Appeal? Give that they may grow (richer)? The players want to be treated professionally and fair

enough but welcome to the real world boys and pay for your own fricking holidays like everyone else on the planet!!!!

Mo Kane

Dear Pies,
Because I don't follow football I've resorted to faking it big time so I can keep me mates. Sometimes I simply repeat what someone else says, eg: "Yeah, good to have Buckley back". Or I'll stare at the tele in the pub and pretend to get pissed off when somebody tries to speak to me ie: "I'm trying to watch the game mate – Do ya mind?" Lately I've even started throwing fits in order to avoid direct questions. Not only is this incredibly exhausting but I suspect some locals are catching on, eg: The dumpy guy behind the bar with the loud shirt and the mouth gives me a hard time "Hey mate, you should throw a fit on the ground, you'd probably kick a goal Ha Ha Ha Ha"etc. My time is running out. Please help.

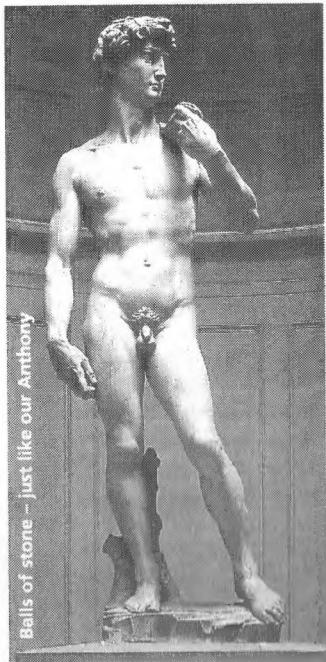
Faker

Dear Faker,
Please do not let a lack of football knowledge prevent you from speaking with authority about the game. It didn't stop Channel Seven's Graham Cornes, ex-North nancy-boy and Adelaide git, after slagging the umps all week then stated that Rupert B was a "bit" unlucky in the dying seconds of the Crows game. Shut up Corneys and go back to selling used cars.

Anthony Rocca

AN ITALIAN MASTERPIECE

In what has been a bleak season for Pie supporters there has been one ray of sunshine which has warmed our winter hearts. The form of Anthony Rocca. Hot Pies went in search of the secrets behind Anthony's form reversal and this is what we made up.



Balls of stone - just like our Anthony

Hot Pies: Anthony, how do you rate your performances so far this year?

Anthony Rocca: I've been a fair dinkum absolute star, maaate.

HP: Was there anything different about your pre-season this year?

AR: Yeah, maaate. I tried this new thing called jogging, I did lots of that. I was also mentored by the great Dermot Brereton. Dermie taught me what it takes to be a champion.

HP: What did Dermot teach you?

AR: Dermot taught me that if I wanted to be a centre half forward on the field I had to look and act like one off the field. So he lent me his Ferrari, threw on a Versace number, got into a punch-up at Crown and I'm currently pashing a Sale of the Century model. It's fantastic, maaate.

HP: Does this explain your form reversal?

AR: No way, maaate. The real reason is Momma said that if I didn't play any



good this year she wouldn't cook for me no more. I know they say football is a serious game but until Momma threatened to stop feeding me I didn't realise just how serius it really is.

HP: Does it make difficult to pull chicks, when you live with your mother.

AR: Listen pal. I'm Anthony Rocca, maate, I only pull the best chicks, anyway let's get off mothers because I just got off yours.

HP: Sorry Anthony, how do you feel about Tony Shaw not being coach next year?

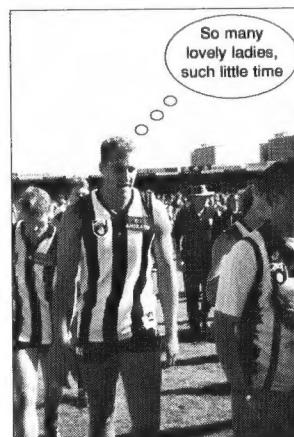
AR: I'm rapt. It means no more training, no more early morning swims and all that stuff. I've always said footy clubs don't need coaches.

HP: Hang on. Just because Tony isn't going to be there doesn't mean there won't be a coach next year. They're going to replace him with somebody else.

AR: Are you sure about that . . . Aww gee, in that case I guess I'm going to miss the little fella.

HP: You've played on some of the biggest names, who do you think is the best player going around?

AR: Without a doubt it would have to be Carey. Pushes back hard, always gives 100%, second, third, fourth, fifth and sixth efforts, hard ball gets, she's definitely the best.



HP: What do you mean, "She"?

AR: Yeeeah, Mariah Carey, I played on her during her last tour.

HP: Are women the only thing you think about?

AR: Yeppp! Women, food and footy. That's all there is to life, maaate.

Keep up the good work, Ants.

Anna Rocca's Pasta Pomodoro

2 onions, chopped
4 cloves garlic, crushed
2 medium carrots, grated
4 sticks celery, finely chopped
2 tablespoons olive oil
1 cup dry white wine
1.5kg ripe tomatoes, peeled and chopped
4 tablespoons tomato paste
1 teaspoon sugar
3 tablespoons chopped fresh parsley
1kg spaghetti
salt and freshly ground pepper to taste

Cook the onion, garlic, carrot and celery in oil in a large lidded pan until soft.

Add the wine and boil until reduced to half.

Add the tomatoes, tomato paste, sugar, salt and pepper. Bring to the boil, reduce heat, cook uncovered for about 30 minutes, stirring occasionally, adding a little water if the sauce becomes dry.

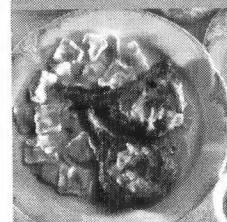
Stir in the parsley.

Cook the spaghetti in boiling salted water for ten minutes. Drain and serve with the sauce.

Preparation time 15 minutes
Cooking time 35 minutes

Serves 8 (or Anthony and Sav)

Next month Brad Rowe's Tofu Burgers on a bed of saffron rice, followed by more genuine recipes contributed by good Collingwood people past and present. Food for thought.



Popping the cherry

It is a medical fact that Collingwood fans have never suffered from short term memory loss. Our history is our bread and butter. So to honour some of our great memories we are inviting YOU the reader to write in with your golden moments. **Greg Baum** travels back in time to his days as a knee-high whippersnapper and relives for us his first time.

I well remember the first time I saw the football at Victoria Park. It was mid-way through the third quarter of a Collingwood v. Carlton match in the late 60s.

It was tumbling end over end on a true course through the Yarra Falls goals.

Presumably, it was kicked by Peter McKenna, though I can be no surer now than I was then.

My mate and I, both eight or nine years old, watched it, transfixed, until it disappeared into a knot of wildly cheering people standing on the concrete roof of a toilet block.

It was the first time we had seen the ball for the day, and it would be the last. Not that we cared. We were at the football, at what I already understood was a shrine of the game, and that was good enough.

My mate's father took us. I wore a Collingwood jumper – no guernseys then – handknitted for me by my grandmother.

The ground was shorter then, with more room behind the outer goals. On match days, that did not mean more space, just bigger crowds.

My mate and I, jammed against his father at about the height of his hip, didn't have a chance. My mate's dad lifted me up momentarily at the start of the match so that I could see McKenna and Wes Lofts bump shoulders lightly as they took up their positions.

I booed loudly and heartily at Lofts in a way that caused me to blush years later when I became a football reporter and met Mr Lofts for the first time.

So it was that my mate and I heard the football, smelled the football, felt the football, but did not see it. We followed the ebbs and flows of the game through the roars of the crowd.

We scuffed our shoes in the dirt of the terraces, wrinkled our noses at the smell of beer and sometimes held our ears against the din. Above all, we hoped.

By listening intently to the remarks around us, we marked off the goals in our Footy Record, though I cannot swear we got them all right.

For nearly a quarter, we puzzled over references, vile and venerable, to a Carlton player whose name we simply could not find in the Record. Surge? Surj? Sirj? Search?

How were we, boys from the outer suburbs, to know the rather exotic Christian name of 1. Silvagni, S?

I cannot remember now whether the Magpies won or lost, though it was then a matter of life and death.

I do remember that Len Thompson took a strong mark over John Nicholls, because there was a picture of it on the back page of *The Age* which I traced and colored in in arts class the next week.

More than anything else, I remember the feeling that I had been initiated into Victoria Park.

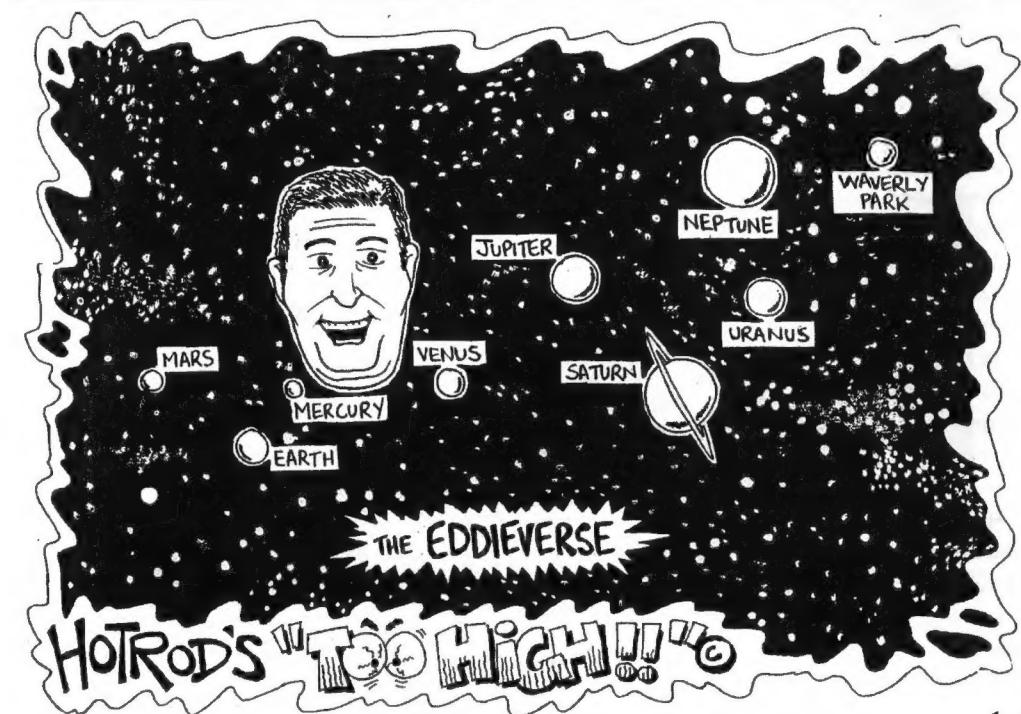
I was to go back there countless more times over the years, to the outer, the members' reserve, the press box, the clubrooms, sometimes the president's room, and on that unforgettable night in 1990, the stage that was a seventh heaven.

Though I came to recognise the ground for what it was, ageing, outdated and dilapidated, I never lost the feeling that it was a field of dreams. I grew older, taller and wiser to the ways of football, but never so wise as to give up on the game's fantasies.

The first time I went to Victoria Park, I couldn't see the football at all. Later, I could see it, but only through one eye. I still haven't got around to two.

For the final edition of the year *golden moments* will try and publish as many great Vicky Park memories as possible. We will take story length articles, anecdotes, photographs and everything in between.

Simply email them to hotpies2000@hotmail.com (make attention to "golden moments") or send them to *golden moments*, PO Box 6046, Collingwood North 3066. The best story will win a subscription to Hot Pies for the 2000 season and a Hot Pies t-shirt. Professional journo's are excluded from winning but may still contribute.



Can the plan to ban the can

Hot Pies spies defy AFL lies

by Hot Pies political correspondent Cowpatti Hotrodi

If we cast our minds back a few weeks, much was made of the infamous "Can Throwing Incident" during the match against West Coast at Victoria Park.

Collingwood FC were quick to can the can. There was even talk to ban the can! Both the CFC and AFL went to great lengths to condemn the behaviour and weed out the culprit.

Sham

After hasty inquiries 73 year old retired plumber and dual amputee Robert Harvey Easyball was charged.

Since then Easyball has been jossled in the street and ostracised by the Black & White community. Even his local fish and chip shop has begun overcooking his dim sims! Such is the stigma attached to this crime.

Clever

However, Hot Pies has discovered independent evidence that clears Easyball of any wrong doing.

International beer can inertia expert and chuckologist, Dr Hans Clapping has tabled a report not

only dismissing Easyball as the suspect, but claiming there was in fact a second "chucker". The second can most likely thrown from the brown muddy knoll to the right not the left of the scoreboard.

Clapping claims that it is highly unlikely by the inaccuracy of the projectiles and the fact that the cans contained only beer that they were thrown by Magpie fans.

He believes that with the lack of a cross wind, low humidity and a glacial target like the cuddly Cummings to aim at, both cans were thrown deliberately wide of their target.

When you link this to the fact that former West Coast serial killer John Worsfold was at the ground coupled with his constant bleating over the years about having to play at Vic Park, it is not hard to smell a rat.

Cheeky

When confronted by these findings an AFL source said: "We've just swept the whole matter under the carpet with the salary cap scandal."

Sadly the news came all too late for Easyball, who, while under AFL 'protection' worked as creative consultant on 'Live and Kicking'. He has never been heard of since!.



•WEST COAST FULL FORWARDED
SCOTT CUMMINGS

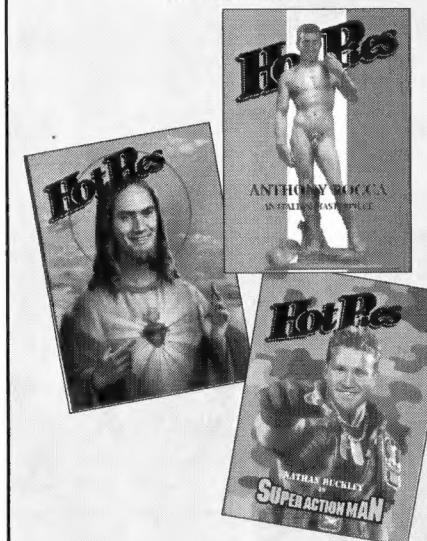
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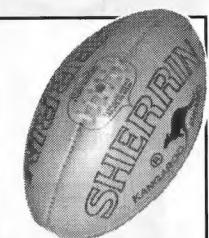
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Win a Tommy!



Subscribe to **Hot Pies** up to the end of August and you go in the draw to win a genuine Sherrin footy. The winner will be announced in the Round 22 special Vic Park edition. Vorn Connor from Collingwood (no joke) was picked out of the hat from some sixty committed Hot Pies subscribers and won Tommy number one.

Have your say

For articles, ideas, letters to the editor or any other contributions email them all to us at: **hotpies2000@hotmail.com** or by post at:
PO Box 6046,
Collingwood North 3066

Hot Pies is available outside the grounds and now at the following places:

Minotaur, Bourke Street, City; Polyester Books, Brunswick Street, Fitzroy;
Melbourne Sports Books, 9 Elizabeth Street, City; The Melbourne Barber Shop, LaTrobe Street, City;
The Napier Hotel, Moor Street, Fitzroy – back copies are also available at Hot Pies HQ.

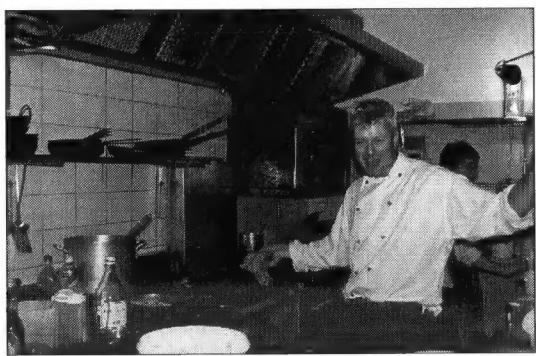
MAGPIE LEGEND



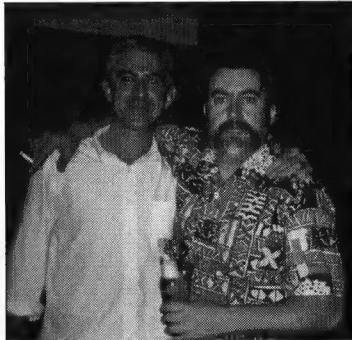
Shawwy



GROG.



GRUB.



... and two grunters.

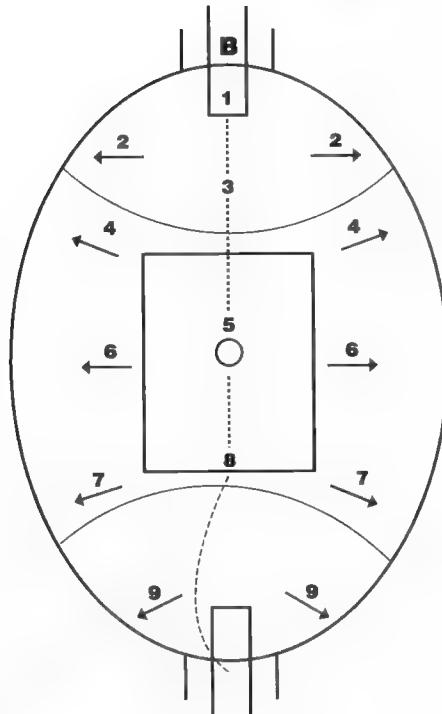
the playing list

1	Damien Monkhorst	21/08/69	203cm	108kg	192 games
2	Mark Orchard	02/04/76	172	72	53
3	Mark Richardson	31/10/72	193	93	84
5	Nathan Buckley	26/07/72	186	91	125
6	Stephen Patterson	04/01/71	175	72	29
7	Michael Gardiner	22/03/78	197	92	1
8	Ricky Olarenshaw	01/02/73	182	80	77
9	Glenn Freeborn	06/02/73	180	77	55
10	Paul Williams	03/04/73	177	81	151
11	Brad Fuller	08/08/78	176	75	13
12	Andrew Schable	17/11/76	192	90	66
13	Jamie Tape	05/04/74	188	89	82
14	Shane Watson	17/02/74	185	80	130
15	Bradley Smith	07/07/77	201	102	0
16	James Wasley	19/07/79	183	78	5
17	Scott Burns	23/12/74	178	75	70
18	Lee Walker	07/02/73	197	97	16
19	Nick Davis	30/03/80	182	76	0
20	Chris Tarrant	18/12/80	191	82	11
21	Brent Tuckey	27/08/79	191	83	3
22	Jason Wild	10/02/76	182	78	62
23	Anthony Rocca	15/08/77	193	102	56
24	Tarkyn Lockyer	30/10/77	176	76	0
25	Cameron Venables	29/10/75	193	88	0
26	Gavin Brown	25/09/67	183	84	220
27	Alex McDonald	13/02/70	186	82	103
28	Gavin Crossisca	15/09/68	188	89	224
30	Ben Kinnear	27/02/79	192	88	5
32	Paul Licuria	04/01/78	180	83	10
33	Tyson Lane	25/08/76	179	84	19
34	Brad Oborne	19/06/80	183	72	0
35	Simon Prestigiacomo	31/01/78	189	86	28
36	Saverio Rocca	20/11/73	194	106	132
38	Craig Jacotine	21/06/80	177	76	0
39	Scott Crow	18/12/73	179	80	70
40	Clinton King	24/03/78	179	70	17
41	Damien Adkins	09/03/81	178	66	0
43	Luke Godden	21/09/78	180	80	23
44	Heath Scotland	21/07/80	181	76	0
45	Troy Kirwen	20/12/79	190	85	0
47	Craig Anderson	21/10/79	172	72	0
48	Mal Michael	24/06/77	190	88	29
49	Rupert Betheras	23/11/75	183	81	7

Collingwood's Secret Play Handbook

When that piddley excuse for a footballer Trent Hotton left the club two years ago he took with him not only a bad hairstyle and dubious consumption patterns, but also intellectual property that had the capacity to change the course of history as we know it. The Collingwood Set-Play handbook. In its time the most sophisticated and well thought out collection of football tactics ever devised. In return for two slabs and a Celine Dion video Hot Pies has obtained exerts from this highly sensitive document.

SET-PLAY No. 69 "The Fellatio Marinara Play"



Notes:

- At no time is any another player other than Bucks to touch the ball.
- Remember to keep out of Bucks way at all times.

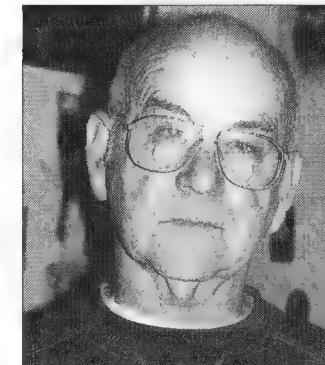
COLLINGWOOD CONNECTIONS

For the times when the team you barrack for is more important than what you look like.

Don't sit on the bench when it comes to love. Send your entries to Collingwood Connections, PO Box 6046, Collingwood North 3066*

Desperate males

- Male wishing to meet a serious bitch who'll know what to do with me. I'm very rich and need a girl who will know how to spend the fruits of my hard labour.
- Are you 36-42, like Jefferson Airplane, Cats, motor racing, HP Sauce, Aunty Jack and KT-26s? Then you're strange and should call me.
- Single unemployed male seeks unemployed female to watch telly all day with, drop DSS forms off together and combine shopper dockets and love.
- Former Hawthorn forward likes prancing and mincing up and down in the forward line, but dislikes passing inside 50. Looking for a man in white who will give me gifts, ie. shots at goal and Brownlow votes, in exchange for sexual favours.



Don't die alone Call Collingwood Connections

saw you the other day but when I turned around you were gone. Pick-up the phone and call me quickly.

- Lady 62 seeks a man who will be nice to me, because I'm sick of being treated like a doormat. A nice kind gent who'll take me as I am, a barbiturate popping soapie junkie who never cooks but dials home deliveries and shops from the telly while knitting Collingwood beanies.

Confused?

- One dte, male, vgsoh, biw's, ofp, snag, n/s, s/s, 6'2", 68kg, 30+, sob seeks fem asap

- Anorexic bi-female looking for slim bi-fem, must be under 30 kilos. Bulemics need not apply.

- Male 58y, mild diabetic loves sexy lingerie, kissing, cuddling and pleasing ladies. My wife does not like sex at all. I am clean, discreet and disease free. Please send photo. Wife does not know about ad.

- Cross-dressing male sought by open-minded 33yo guy who wants to suck his mates in at the local footy club at an upcoming pie night.

Male seeking females

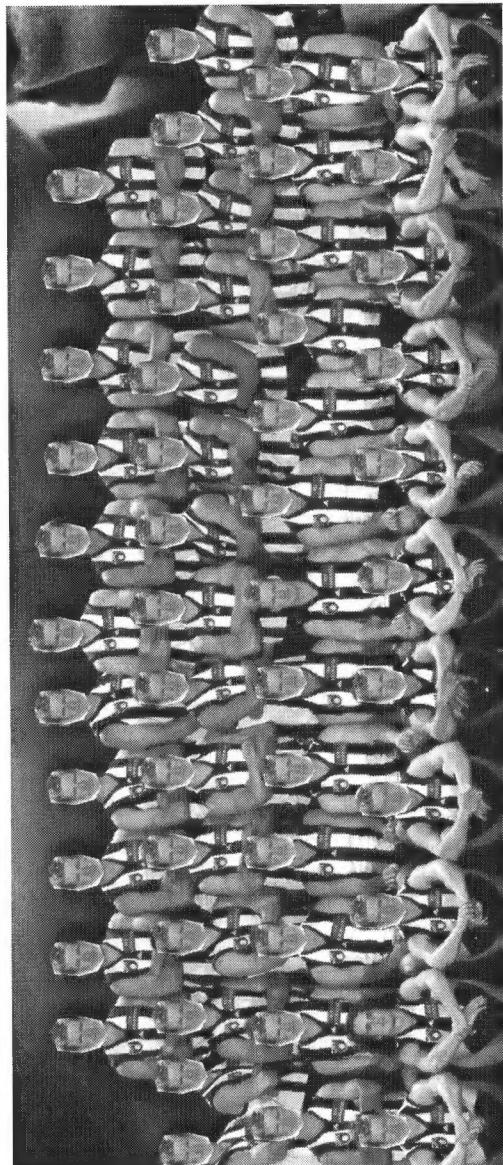
- Big, bold and beautiful woman looking for a caring, compassionate loving small framed man aged 30 to 45 and fertile. I'm 34 y.o. never married with five children seeking a permanent relationship. My favorite things are Collingwood, cuddles, nights at home making babies, family life and the annual outing. So if you appreciate a vivacious reproducer give me a call.

- I have everything a man could want, except you. I can't continue like this for much longer not knowing where you are. I thought I

* Successful connections charged at \$50 or two slabs.

HOME

Team of the century

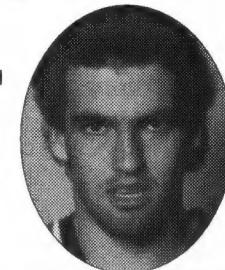


Form Guide

MCG • July 2

COLLINGWOOD v. PORT POWER

It shouldn't be too hard to beat Port as their pre-occupation with beating themselves up continues. Port goes well with cheese but we shouldn't have any trouble making a meal of them. Hopefully Dickie will be in as all Pie fans celebrate our third win of the season



Prediction:

*Jack Cahill jumps the fence, Ants jumps on top of packs and I'll be wearing a jumper.
Collingwood by 35 points.*

**He may have
been our Captain
but you'll always
be a South
Australian to us.**

MCG • July 18

COLLINGWOOD v. HAWTHORN

Now that we have learnt how to play it at Waverley, Hawthorn should provide little more than a distraction as our boys put on a clinic the likes of which has not been since the last clinic. Our biggest challenge will be having to look at opposition supporters covered in the colours of shit and piss.

Prediction: As Hawthorn's football department runs out of answers the marketing department runs a 3 Quarter time competition called "You be the Judge". Collingwood by 10 goals.

Kardinia Park • July 10

COLLINGWOOD v. GEELONG

Anyone with the sense to say "I do" to Jeff Kennett deserves to barrack for Geelong. Bad decisions, bad taste and bad judgment are in epidemic proportions down there. Watch out, Geelong may defeat us in the losing streak department as we further demonstrate what a team with character can do.



**Once the athletic
boofhead type,
always the
athletic boofhead
type.**

Prediction: Every Collingwood player scores a goal including Daics at half time. Collingwood by 117 points.

MCG • July 25

COLLINGWOOD V. CARLTON

Prediction: We beat Carlton, the margin doesn't matter, it's the thought that counts.

The joy of being hated

Poff leaves all the fatboy hype behind and gets to the heart of Nuts and the essence of all of us.

My old man took an unconventional approach to indoctrinating his kids into the Magpie faith.

"Get off the ground Morwood. You're shithouse," he'd roar.

Week in, week out, we'd witness Dad endure the pain (and occasionally the pleasure) of being a passionate Collingwood supporter.

It was the kind of passion that took him to Grand Finals in 1966, 1970, 1977 (twice), 1979, 1980 and 1981.

But by the time 1990 came around, he simply didn't care. His love for the team had slowly turned to disinterest.

Those Magpies were so classy and so cheeky that opposition teams learned to genuinely loathe them.

my surprise when the old man recently handed me an article about Gordon "Nuts" Coventry (top nickname that).

The article was published as part of the Plagger 1300 euphoria. It detailed the heroic efforts of the former record-holder.

He was sick of the losses, the lack of discipline, the infighting and, finally, Shane Morwood.

Sometime in the mid-1980s he traded in his black and white scarf (and some pretty high blood pressure) for a set of golf clubs.

On October 6, 1990, Dad was as far from the MCG as humanly possible. As Tony Shaw held aloft the Cup, my old man was standing (as if by divine choice) on the 18th at St Andrews in Scotland.

His disinterest in all things black and white was complete.

So you can imagine

Get your mind around these statistics:

- Coventry kicked his 1299 goals in 306 games over 18 seasons (an average of 4.25 goals per game).
- He booted a record 112 goals in 31 finals.
- He led the Magpies goalkicking every year from 1922 to 1937.
- He was the first player to kick a hundred goals in a season – 124 in 1929.
- He kicked four centuries in an era of muddy grounds, dirty defenders and a limited, 18-game home-and-away season.
- He kicked nine goals in the 1928 grand final – the second of four consecutive Magpie premierships.

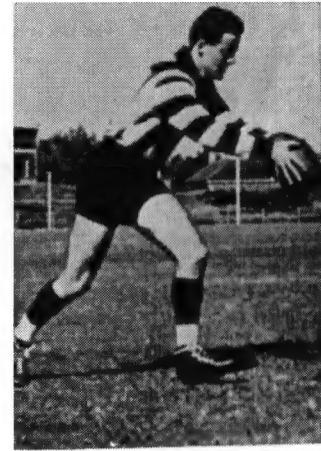
Coventry was the focal point of a team that dominated the League and changed the way Victorians looked at football in general – and how they looked at Collingwood in particular.

My father never saw Nuts play, but his old man did. You see, my Grandfather grew up in Valiant Street, Abbotsford, and he loved the Magpies.

As Dad showed me the article about Nuts, he told me of how my Grandad talked of the great Magpies of the 1920s and 30s.

It's the kind of oral history that's necessary when explaining a period of football that doesn't exist in film archives or on the shelves of video libraries.

My Grandfather reckoned that during this period, the



Collingwood team was so skilful that they used to taunt the opposition. He made it sound like going to see the Harlem Globetrotters.

Those Magpies were so classy and so cheeky that opposition teams learned to genuinely loathe them.

It was this period that also gave birth to the tradition of opposition supporters truly hating Collingwood.

It's a tradition that has defined the lives of three generations of the Collingwood faithful, who have happily endured the baptism of schoolyard bruises.

Just recently, I've been fearing that the tradition is dying. Opposition supporters are starting to be charitable about the Pies – and it shits me to death.

I'll throttle the next person that tells me (in a condescending tone of voice) that Collingwood has been "a bit unlucky lately".

Sure, we can probably blame the national competition for this softening attitude (Adelaide and West Coast are now bigger targets than the Pies), but we should not accept it.

Collingwood has got to concentrate on being hated again and the only way of achieving that is becoming fearsome and unbeatable again.

God forbid that we should leave a world for our children (and our children's children), where barracking for Collingwood doesn't get you beaten up in the schoolyard at lunchtime.

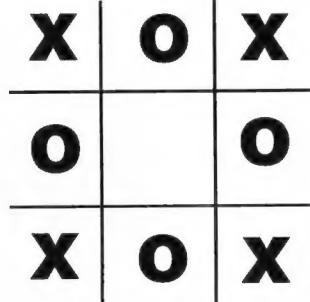
Paul O'Farrell

Timmie Watson's Puzzle Page

I'm puzzled
by this page

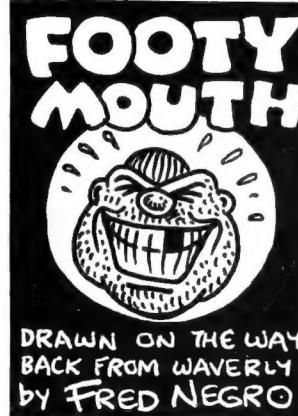
TIC TAC TOE CHALLENGE

It's your go. You are X. Or O. It's up to you. Just do your best, that's all I'm asking of you. And remember, even when it looks like you've got the game won, it's not over until it's over.



SPOT THE FAKE TASH

Facial hair was the IN thing in the 70s. Some players had it, some players only aspired to have it. See if you can spot the imposter.



DRAWN ON THE WAY
BACK FROM WAVERLY
by FRED NEGRO

THE REST IS HISTORY.
WE WON EVERY GAME
FOR THE REST OF THE
SEASON AND WITH A
HUGE PERCENTAGE
WIN OVER BRISBANE
WE GOT IN 8TH SPOT...



AT HALF-TIME
IN THE GRAND
FINAL AGAINST
ESSENDON
WE WERE WORRIED.

100 POINTS DOWN



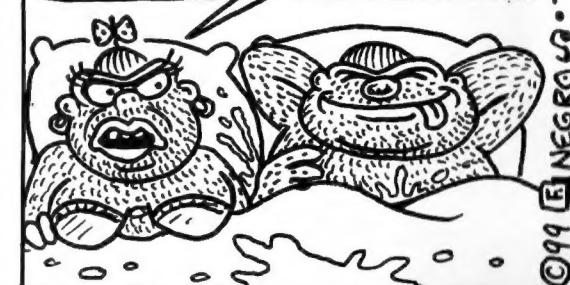
THEN THE MIGHTY PIES
CLAWED BACK TO WITHIN
A POINT WHEN PEBBLES
MARKED IN THE CENTRE
ON THE FINAL SIREN...



IT WAS THE LONGEST KICK
WE'D EVER SEEN.. IT JUST
KEPT GOING AND GOING
UNTIL FINALLY IT WENT
RIGHT THROUGH THE HIGH
DIDDLE-DIDDLE AND THE
PIES WON THE '99 FLAG!



WAKE UP FOOTY!
YOU'VE MESSED THE
SHEETS UP AGAIN??



We love ya
cos ya go for
the Woods

Be loud. Be proud.
Carn the Pies.

